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# FAIR ROSAMOND;

OR,

THE MAZE, THE MAID, AND THE MONARCH!

An entirely new, but historically true version of the Ancient  
Strange Story.

BY

F. C. BURNAND, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

*Dido, Romance under Difficulties, In for a Holiday, Lord Lovel  
and Nancy Bell, Villikins and Dinah, King of the Merrows,  
Deerfoot.*

PART AUTHOR OF

*Isle of St. Tropez, Turkish Bath, "B. B." &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

Produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre, Easter Monday, April 21st, 1862.

**FAIR ROSAMOND;**  
OR,  
**THE MAZE, THE MAID, AND THE MONARCH!**

The Scenery by Mr. W. TELBIN, assisted by Messrs. WILSON, MASON, YARNOLD, &c. The Maze Scene by Mr. T. GRIEVE.  
The Music by Mr. JOHN BARNARD. The Costumes by Mr. S. MAY and Mrs. LEWIS. The Machinery by Mr. SUTHERLAND.  
The Properties and Decorations by Mr. LIGHTFOOT. The Piece produced under the entire Direction of Mr. W. S. EMDEN.

**Characters.**

**“MEN OF THE DAY.”**

KING HENRY II. ( <i>King of England; a very affable monarch, but not half able to keep himself out of mischief. Historians give us such incorrect accounts of his conduct, and such accounts of his incorrect conduct, that he will be faithfully represented on the occasion by</i> )	Miss COTTRELL.
SIR TRUSTY ( <i>First Lord of the Pleasury, in the King's confidence; a character whom the author has managed to steal from Addison</i> )	Mr. G. COOKE.
SIR PIERRE DE BONBON ( <i>a French Baron, fond of Fair Rosamond and “Le Sport,” who, in these days, would have run a horse at Chantilly, and so I shan't tell ye any more about him</i> ) ...	Mr. H. WIGAN.
RALPHO ( <i>his Squire; and, as a description of this Squire would take up twenty-four sheets, we can't d-ream of giving one</i> )	Mr. G. MURRAY.



WYNKYN (*a Man-jester. . . an, who can even talk stuff; the Court Jester, who's seldom caught jesting, as he finds making a joke is no joke; original author of "Riddle's Dictionary," "cum multis aliis rebus," i. e., and many other conundrums*) ..... Mr. H. COOPER,  
A PORTER (*and, being Hall Porter, he's no half and half character*) ..... Mr. H. RIVERS.  
PEASANTS (*a very harrowing sight, with nothing to say for themselves, but plenty to till*) ..... WILLIAMS, & Co., &c.,  
Messrs. HOPKINS, COLLYER, MISS CONWAY.  
AN EXECUTIONER (*who is devoted to his chop*) Mr. FRANKS. A PAGE .....  
QUEEN ELLINOR (*Wife of King Henry II., whom, wrought upon by jealousy, you will shake with passion like a jelly see; so gentle a character that, unless she is 'talking to' and 'jawing' her husband, she is never en-jawing herself*) ..... Mr. F. ROBSON.  
ROSAMOND CLIFFORD (*the Fair; of whom a good deal has been said that isn't at all fair; who, like a celebrated character of the present day, is a Blonde-in a difficult situation*) ..... Miss H. HUGHES.  
MARGERY (*Surname unknown; a poor orphan, treated by her schoolmistress in a very off-hand manner*) Mrs. W. S. EMDEN.  
MISTRESS GRIDELINE (*a Schoolmistress, and as cool as possible under the circumstances*) ... .. Miss STEPHENS.

## Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

### SCENE I.—EXTERIOR OF THE KING'S HUNTING LODGE, HEREFORD.

The Bad Spot—Preparing the Blocks—Arrival of a Rival of Queen Ellinor—After which, the highly-trained Olympic Stud (attended by a boy in buttons) will be exhibited in *Scenes in the Equestrian Court Circular*.

### SCENE II.—INTERIOR OF HEREFORD ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Where will be seen a *gal-axy* of beauty—Lecture upon Man by Mistress Grideline—Love's Entertainment.

SCENE III.—COURT YARD OF HEREFORD ACADEMY. 4

Showing an *Helopement* and *Shelopement*—and how “All’s Well that ends WELL.”

SCENE IV.—ENTRANCE TO THE WOODSTOCK MAZE.

Rosamond arrives in a drag, and is caught in a trap—Queen Ellinor finds her way into the labyrinth with a reel of worsted, being *reely* in earnest when threading the maze—*N.B.* This Scene ought to be in *Worstedshire*, but isn’t.

SCENE V.—INTERIOR OF THE BOWER in the centre of WOODSTOCK MAZE.

Long Expected come at Last!—the Unwelcome Guest—a Game of Bowl—the Bower Knife—the DAGGER! Awful Moment!—Intense Excitement!!—the POISON!!—More Awful Moments!—Intense Excitement!!—After a FIERCE CONFLICT!!! of Emotions the Piece will be brought to a historically probable and highly SATISFACTORY TERMINATION.

LAST SCENE

Of all that ends this strange eventful history, shewing

A RACE OF KINGS AND QUEENS,

Being a new feature for the

MODERN EXHIBITION.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

COPY of an Ancient MS. BALLAD, on which this Drama is founded, throwing an entirely new light upon

# The Arriv'ging History of Fayre Rosamund.

(Quite a *Per-se* relic.)

## (1) KING HENRY THE SECOND.

HISTORICAL NOTICE:—

Queen Ellinor engaged his first affections, but second thoughts are best.

King Henry<sup>1</sup> nor best nor worst  
Of all our kings was reckoned,  
For he did love Queen Ell' nor first,<sup>2</sup>  
Fayre Rosamund lov'd second.

(3) Negative character of the Queen.

(4) We cannot help thinking that the poet means that "*she deferred to her husband*," and not "differed with him."

(5) And yet perhaps the second line is the logical deduction from the two concluding lines.

(6) Not that her intellectual capabilities were unequal to the task.

(7) Here the poet gives us a fact—a statement not met with in contemporaneous history.

Queen Ellinor was not a dove,<sup>3</sup>

And with her husband differed,<sup>4</sup>

Because King Henry chose to love<sup>5</sup>

Fayre Rosamund de Clifford.

Queen Ellinor wolde not understand<sup>6</sup>

What might have pleased her whim;

King Henry loved Fayre Rosamund,<sup>7</sup>

Not so Fayre Rosamund him.



King Henry a disguise he donned,  
 And in the midnight hour,<sup>8</sup>  
 Took from her roof Fayre Rosamund,<sup>9</sup>  
 Unto his Woodstock bower.

This bower was sited<sup>10</sup> in a maze,  
 That wound and wound about;  
 'Twas woundrous to get entrance way,  
 'Twas woundrous to get out.

Queen Ell' nor having nought to do,  
 And feeling cross and crusty,<sup>11</sup>  
 By wile<sup>12</sup> found out the mazy clue,  
 By force took it from 'Trusty.

Then to Fayre Rosamund she hied,<sup>13</sup>  
 (Who'd not seen her before),  
 And grimly standing by her side,  
 Said, "I'm Queen Ellinor!"<sup>14</sup>

(8) At 12 o'clock at night.

(9) From her house. *Poetice*—part for the whole.

(10) *Situated*. Person on purchasing land for building purposes is in modern phrase said to be "taking a site."

(11) Epithet taken from the hard outer cuticle of home-made bread.

(12) *Wile*. Adverb of time. So "Sir Roger Haythroe's Lament" has it (*Part II.*, p. 305):—

"He lost hys goodes and chattels,  
 By wiles he foughten battels."

(13) *Hied*. Not necessarily implying that Queen Ellinor saw the Fayre Rosamund.

(14) There is a decisive tone about this announcement which stamps it at once with the mark of historical veracity.



(15) The poet's art must be here admired. Notice the very natural effects of these dread words on the virtuous soul. How life-like! how graphically painted! "To whoop!" is it not, the very first display of grief and terror? "To stagger!" so as moderns say when startled, "You might almost knock me down with a feather!"

(16--17) Alluding to her hands, which were divided the same as now, into *left* and *right*.

(18) With whooping. *Vide supra*.

(19) The noble generous and still showing itself even in a revengeful act.

(20) Here Fayre Rosamund is supposed to speak: the words are admirably mis-arranged; she is so frightened as not to know what she is saying. Again we say, how natural!

(21) Ready wit, probably the effect of a French education and eight wines.

(22) *Prowne, i. e.*, point. So Herbert of Worcester, in "Lawne Lady:"—

"A pyne, hys prowne  
Stucke in her gowne."

(23) *Unde derivatur*. "The fatigue has quite knocked me up."

This last stanza is quite modern (1862), containing however a sound moral and some excellent advice.

At these dread words, the virtuous soul

Began to whoop and stagger.<sup>13</sup>

In the Queen's left<sup>16</sup> there was a bowl,

And in her right<sup>17</sup> a dagger.

Both which she offered to the maid,

Who had nigh lost her voice,<sup>18</sup>

Saying, "Though no amount you've paid,

Yet may you take your choice."<sup>19</sup>

"Nor dirk shall drench nor bowl shall hit,"<sup>20</sup>

"Gadsooks, to choose I'm loth."

Replies the Queen, with ready wit,<sup>21</sup>

"Now shall you have them both."

Forced of the bowl to take a sup,

And feel the sharpened prowne,<sup>22</sup>

The first I ween did knock her up,<sup>23</sup>

The latter knocked her down.

Good folks, wouldst hear more of her fate?

Then go to the Theayter,

In Wych-street, at the hour of eight,

I would not be much later.

# FAIR ROSAMOND;

OR

## THE MAZE, THE MAID, & THE MONARCH!

SCENE FIRST.—*Hereford. The Gates of the Royal Hunting Lodge, R.; distant Landscape.*

PEASANTS *grouped in front of gates, accompanied by the VILLAGE CHOIR who are accompanied by the VILLAGE BAND—shouts—*WYNKYN *advances from the gates, R., and motions them to silence; he carries a parchment in his hand.*

WYNKYN. The king approves your loyalty's display,  
But begs you'll shew it in a quiet way.

*(they are going)*

Here! stop, you "curly-headed ploughboy" churls,  
You girls in ringlets, and you boys in curls,  
Listen to what I'm sent here to relate,  
'Tis an important matter, one of— *(to COUNTRYMAN,*  
*who attempts to take parchment)* Wait!  
This legal parchment with the game laws dealing,  
Is, though without a flaw, with lots of sealing.

*Song.—*WYNKYN. *Air, "Cork Leg."*

*(reading)* "O yes! O yes! O yes! O yes!

This is to give notice, as you may guess,  
To wit, it doth set out and express,  
Whereas, notwithstanding, and nevertheless.  
Ri tooral looral, &c.

"All through our kingdom be it known  
That the King's preserve's must be let alone.  
And a poacher caught, will have to condone  
For a head of game, by losing his own.

Ri tooral looral, &c.

~~"Now, all you young men, your King don't vex;  
Avoid all poaching, and save your necks.  
So you'll do your duty as England expects.  
Signed, given at Hereford. Henry Rex.~~

~~In his tour all rural tiddy fol,  
You're all right to looral ido."~~

That's all. And now to keep you from harm's way.  
I'll give you some employment for the day.

"When's a door not a door?" (*all puzzled—aside*)

Down here, that's new.

(*aloud*) Go home and try to guess it. That'll do.

*(as they are about to exit in mental agony, a trumpet sounds, and two PAGES appear, one bearing a goblet and tankard)*

That sound proclaims the King's advance this way.

(PEASANTS *arranging themselves to receive KING*  
—VILLAGE BAND *utters discordant joy*)

*Enter KING HENRY leaning on SIR TRUSTY, R.—PEASANTS*  
*// cheer—BAND plays.*

K. HENRY. Loyal, but inharmonious, friends, good day.

*Exeunt PEASANTS, L. U. E.*

*Shouting*

We'll take our morning cup at once. (ATTENDANT  
*bows extravagantly*)

SIR TRUS. (*taking cup from 2ND ATTENDANT and aiming it to KING*) How now!

The King asked for a *stoup* and not a *bow*.

K. HENRY. I drink a health. To her who is the light of  
My eyes—to her whom I cannot get sight of—  
To her, for whom I've hither come, the dear—  
To her! (*drinks and gives cup to ATTENDANTS, who*  
*exeunt*)

SIR TRUS.. For whom you made this *to-ur* down here,  
Your Majesty then loves?

K. HENRY. Hush, not so loud,  
"We met"—I need not say "'twas in a crowd,"  
Her glove we found, and in it her name written;  
I loved at once.

SIR TRUS. By that *glove* you were *s-mitten*.



K. HENRY. (*sadly*) I lost her, and I'm wretched.

WYNK. (*choosing an inopportune moment*) Apropos!

When's a door not a door?

K. HENRY. (*motioning him off*) Ah! you may go.

*Exit WYNKYN, R.*

For days and weeks I've sought and sought in vain

That pretty *wench*. When shall we meet again!

No more I'll see her, at that thought how sad am I!

SIR TRUS. (*slyly*) She's down here.

K. HENRY. Where?

SIR TRUS. At Hereford Academy.

K. HENRY. We'll find and bear her off.

SIR TRUS. If we've the chance,

But, hem!—Queen Ellinor?

K. HENRY. Oh! she's in France.

Good Trusty, 'tis the greatest plague in life

To be the victim of a jealous wife.

The poet says, "beware of *jealousee*,"

He should have said beware of *jealous she*.

If I would walk alone, out I must sneak,

If I dance with a girl three times, or speak

To some court lady, when I turn I see

My wife, who's "taking a sly glance at me."

*Song* —KING HENRY. *Air "Les Vespres Siciliennes."*

O, Ellinor's to me a

Regular *bête noir* ;

Could I be free I'd be a-

—gain a bachelor.

She almost plagues my life out,

I don't know what to do ;

I'm happy with my wife out,

'Tis curious, but 'tis true.

'Tis jealousy!

Yes, 'tis jealousy!

Ah!

Oh bother! of her I am weary,

Yes, I've put up with her too long;

I'll go and seek another deary,

It's very nice—but slightly wrong,

Rather wrong.

SIR TRUS. Best not defer your project e'en for one day,  
You rose o' *Tuesday* to seek Rosamundy,  
But didn't go.

K. HENRY. (*decisively*) To-day (*rapturously*) soon I'll  
be tellin' her  
That she has won my heart.

WYNKYN *appears at gate, R.*

WYNK. My liege, Queen Ellinor.

K. HENRY. (*overcome*) The——

SIR TRUS. Um !

K. HENRY. She comes without the slightest warning.

SIR TRUS. Sir, I regret that business calls. Good morning.

*Music—exit SIR TRUSTY quickly through gates,  
R.—enter PAGES, carrying luggage, L. U. E.,  
who are met by WYNKYN, and exeunt with him,  
R., through gates.*

*Enter QUEEN ELLINOR tragically, L. U. E.,—the KING, R.,  
takes no notice of her.*

Q. ELLIN. (*coming down close to HENRY*) Ahem !

K. HENRY. (R.) You spoke. (*aside*) I see with rage she's  
brimming.

Q. ELLIN. (*aside, L.*) I gave a "*hem*," now I'll begin my  
trimming.

False man !

K. HENRY. Pooh ! pooh ! the epithet's beneath  
Contempt—I cast it into your false teeth.

Q. ELLIN. False teeth !

K. HENRY. False hair !

Q. ELLIN. Your speech, sir, is too blunt,  
*False hair !* I will not put up with *af-front*,  
I'd rather dye.

K. HENRY. For my consent don't wait,  
*Die early !* on this subject don't *di-late*.

Q. ELLIN. Dost thou remember once a foreign land,  
Dost thou remember lovers hand in hand,  
~~Dost thou remember those soft murmuring lispers,~~  
~~Dost thou remember 'twas the hour of *Vispers*,~~

Dost thou remember, as I think you must,  
Dost thou——

K. HENRY. Oh! do not kick up such a *dust*,  
I really can't stand here and listen to it,  
Thank goodness, no one but yourself *du-st* do it.

Q. ELLIN. Treat me with scorn, that's right. Oh! ne'er  
was seen

A *su'rin'* King with such a *suff'rin'* Queen!

K. HENRY. Pshaw! this is folly.

Q. ELLIN. Who's my rival?

K. HENRY. None.

Q. ELLIN. You love another.

K. HENRY. (*evasively*) No, I love but one.

Q. ELLIN. (*tenderly*) And that's——

K. HENRY. (*abruptly*) Not you.

Q. ELLIN. (*suppressing her passion*) Her horrid name  
pray mention.

K. HENRY. And what may be your amiable intention?

Q. ELLIN. (*fiercely*) To crush her! and of vengeance  
take my fill.

K. HENRY. Then in that case, I do not think I will.

(*taking the stage, R.*)

Q. ELLIN. I am your wife——(*relapsing*) Foul wrong  
our marriage rite,

And our exchange of vows a *wretched plight*.

But now all love has gone, for you ill-use me,

And drive—forgive my temper—pray excuse me;

Rage carries me such lengths.

K. HENRY. I don't complain;

Go any lengths, but don't come back again.

(*going, R.—stops*) But for the present make a truce.

Q. ELLIN. (*taking his hand*) I'll do so.

(*aside*) Who thought of truces, when I bought my  
trousseau?

Duet.—KING HENRY and QUEEN ELLINOR—*Nigger Melody*.

Q. ELLIN. (*sternly*) You're a naughty man, and a faithless  
creature,

(KING HENRY *plays bones carelessly to symphony*)

Running after each very pretty feature

(KING HENRY *as before*)

*Dost thou remember always  
nigger melody*



K. HENRY. El-li-nor!

Q. ELLIN. He-ne-ry!

BOTH. If we only could agree

What a merry couple we should be.

Q. ELLIN. I have seen you wink in an improper way, sir.

(KING HENRY *plays bones*)

But for the present I'll nothing more say, sir.

(KING HENRY *plays bones*)

K. HENRY. El-li-nor!

Q. ELLIN. He-ne-ry!

BOTH. If we, &c. *Dance and exeunt through gates, R.*

*Music.—Enter RALPHO cautiously, bearing a game bag, followed by SIR PIERRE, with cross bow of the period, L. U.E.*

RALPHO. (*looking about suspiciously*) I'm sure we are on royal land encroaching,

If found we shall be taken up for poaching.

We've got no business here.

SIR PIER. Dat's vat I say, sare,  
I 'ave no *business* here, I come *pour plaisir*.

RALPHO. *Poor* pleasure! Yes. For such fun I don't care;  
Give me the *town*!

SIR PIER. Me! *tout au country air*.

I chase de umble peasant, and dat sort;

Dis *place* it likes me, and I love de *sport*.

RALPHO. Let's go, or we'll be put under restraint;  
We may not trespass.

SIR PIER. *Mais oui—*

RALPHO.

No, we mayn't.

RALPHO. Do come along ~~X~~ (*bird whistle heard*) ~~X~~

SIR PIER. (*excited*) ~~X~~ *Soyer tranquille!* Now hush!

Dere on dat shrub dere sit a sweet *bonne bouche*

For our *suppaire—superbe!*

RALPHO.

'Tis a tomtit!

SIR PIER. I'll shoot and eat him as a tomtit-bit!

*Music.—WYNKYN and PEASANTS, who have been stealing cautiously on, seize SIR PIERRE and RALPHO, when SIR PIERRE fires. At the same time a pane of glass is heard to break, and KING HENRY and QUEEN ELLINOR, SIR TRUSTY, attended, enter through gates, R.*

K. HENRY. What's this report?

WYNK. (L.) This pair have set at naught  
Your laws.

K. HENRY. Then call these *shooters* into court.  
(*they are brought forward*)

Speak, fellow!

SIR PIER. Sare!

Q. ELLIN. (R.) 'Tis evidently malice;  
Besides he broke a window in the palace.

K. HENRY. Behead them both as taken in the fact;  
Let each produce *two pieces* in *one hacked*.

(*takes stage, L.—SIR PIERRE and RALPHO are led  
to R., at back*)

SIR PIER. Dis is against the law.

SIR TRUS. (*up, L. C.*) No, you were caught  
On *warrant*.

RALPHO. But we *waren't* doing naught.

Q. ELLIN. (R. C.) No more!

SIR PIER. (*to RALPHO*) Oh, mon ami! thus ends, 'tis clear,  
The story of our lives from *ear to ear*.

Helas! Is there no help? Oh *sacr-r-r-re!*

Q. ELLIN. Pooh!

You won't find any *succourer* here for you.

RALPHO. Most gracious queen——

Q. ELLIN. Petitions are no good.

Prepare the *blocks* for the *steel cuts* on *wood*.

K. HENRY. (L.—*crosses, R. C.*) We won't detain you  
long, unhappy scamps!

Take off their *heads* when I give you two *stamps*.

(*Music—SIR PIERRE and RALPHO kneel at blocks  
—HEADSMEN raise their axes—tableau No. 1—  
the KING stamps, and is about to repeat it, when  
FAIR ROSAMOND rushes in to L., from L. U. E.,  
and kneels at his feet—general surprise—SIR  
PIERRE and RALPHO sit on the blocks—tableau  
No. 2*)

FAIR ROS. Hold!

K. HENRY. (L. C.—*to TRUSTY—aside*) 'Tis Fair Rosa-  
mond!

Q. ELLIN. (*watching KING—aside*) He knows her then.

K. HENRY. (*observing QUEEN ELLINOR's looks*) What want you?

FAIR ROS. (*R. C.*) Spare the lives of both these men.

SIR PIER. (*R.*) Oh plead not for my life, for I can tell  
His heart is stone or *marble*. Oh, *ma belle*!

K. HENRY. (*takes ROSAMOND's hand*) The affair is pressing.  
Yes, we understand.

Q. ELLIN. (*aside—seeing KING take ROSAMOND's hand*)  
The king takes this pressing affair in hand.

'Tis she! the rival! my heart tells me so.

A jealous pang shoots through my frame—oho!

Down! down! my feelings I must put a guard on.

(*goes up*)

K. HENRY. (*to FAIR ROSAMOND*) Your prayer is granted.  
You have begged their pardon.

(*SIR PIERRE kisses ROSAMOND's hand unseen—  
RALPHO embraces the HEADSMAN*)

FAIR ROS. (*to KING*) Thanks!

K. HENRY. (*aside to ROSAMOND*) Do not thank me, for  
this loving heart

Beats——

Q. ELLIN. (*coming down between the KING and FAIR ROSAMOND*) Miss! the king permits you to depart.

FAIR ROS. I take my leave!

*Exeunt FAIR ROSAMOND, SIR PIERRE, and RALPHO, L.C.E.*

Q. ELLIN. (*triumphantly, aside, R. C.*) I've won the trick.  
Methinks

That that *retiring* girl's a *forward* minx.

K. HENRY. (*aside, L. C.*) Confusion! Lost again! I must  
go too.

SIR TRUS. (*L. aside to KING*) The queen will follow, sir.

K. HENRY. (*distractedly to SIR TRUSTY*) What can I do?

SIR TRUS. (*aside to KING*) Say that you'll hunt; a stiff  
cross country line

Your wife won't face.

K. HENRY. (*aloud*) Well, as the day is fine,  
We'll go out hunting. (*exeunt SERVANTS, R.*) She's  
checkmated now.

Q. ELLIN. Then I'll go with you, dear.

K. HENRY. (*startled and disgusted*) Go with us! How?



Q. ELLIN. I'll mount upon a screw—a quiet feller,  
Who'll stand the whip, the only *screw propeller* ;  
(*going off*, R.) He's now loose in the fields, and easy  
caught ;

(*aside*) There is a screw loose somewhere, as I  
thought. *Exit through gates*, R.

K. HENRY. (*to ATTENDANT*) Saddle the horse they call  
Tom Bowlin, you ! *Exit ATTENDANT*, R.

So called, 'cos he's the "*darlin' of a screw* !"

SIR TRUS. (L.) He'll kick and plunge too fiercely I am  
fearing,

For like a nurse he's given much to *rearing*.

K. HENRY. That horse will bear her forty miles to-day ;

SIR TRUS. Well, we could bear her forty miles away.

K. HENRY. To Hereford Academy we'll ride :

Procure disguises, and what e'er beside

We want.

SIR TRUS. I will.

*Enter WYNKYN*, R.

WYNK. My liege, your charger waits,  
And the Queen's horse is kicking by the gates.

K. HENRY. 'Tis well. (*to TRUSTY*) Remember !

*Exit through gates*, R.

WYNK. (*presenting long whip to SIR TRUSTY*) I have  
brought this thing

For you to hold, as master of the ring.

(*SIR TRUSTY takes whip ; WYNKYN walks à la  
Clown in ring*)

WYNK. (*in the usual style*) "I say, sir !"

SIR TRUS. (*touching him up*) Well, sir.

WYNK. (*rubbing himself*) Why's that like, my lord,  
A plaintive strain ? 'Cos it's a *touching cord* ;

*Music, "Good St. Anthony."*—*Enter GROOMS*, R.

SIR TRUS. (*as M.C. of the ring*) Now, clear the ring.  
Queen Ellinor will show,

As "*Pretty Horsebreaker*" from Rotten Row ;

A graceful rider she's by all accounted,

And looks a perfect picture now she's mounted.

*Enter* QUEEN ELLINOR, *mounted; galops round; circus business.*

Q. ELLIN. 'Tis a new dress. I fear the roads are so muddy;

SIR TRUS. Gee-oh! (*horse kicks*)

Q. ELLIN. (*in difficulties*) Stop that "Gee-oh!" I'm in *je-o-pardy!*

(*bustle* ~~X~~ *horn sounds* ~~X~~ *the Queen's horse takes fright and runs away, pursued by others.—Music, as scene closes*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of a Chamber in Hereford Academy; a secret panel, C.; windows, R. and L.*

*Enter* MARGERY *with book, L.*

MARG. I cannot learn. Oh, Ralpho! Ralpho! dear me!  
 Dame Grideline will soon be here to hear me;  
 Attempt at study nearly drives me mad,  
 And this *sad parsing* makes me *passing sad*.

(*looks out of window*)

No! I can't see my lover's evening token;  
 I'll try again at "French, as it is spoken."  
 Where is my place? (*finds it*) I look with sad  
 distress on

"Lesson eighteen"—I *hate e'en* any lesson;  
 And if I dared I'd say to my task setter,  
 Of lessons, why the *less-on* 'em the better.  
 Let's see. Where's Rosamond—out walking still?  
 (*reads*) "If two *E's* come together"—p'raps they will,  
 Sir Pierre and Ralpho—I will make at once  
 A signal. (*goes to window and telegraphs, as MISTRESS*  
*GRIDELINE enters, R.*)

GRIDEL. Bad, incorrigible dunce!  
 What are you doing?

MARG. (L.) I—I—I——

GRIDEL. (R.) Don't stammer.

MARG. Was learning my French syntax.

GRIDEL. What a *grammar*!

School girls have got no sort of moral scruple,  
 One wants an *eye* for every single *pupil*;  
 Your friends place you here on the stipulation,  
 That you shall never have a day's vacation;

Yet they don't pay as if you were their daughter.

MARG. There means are spare ;

GRIDEL. *Spare?* but they *show no quarter*.

When I took you I must have lost my senses.

MARG. I do your drudgery and save expenses;

GRIDEL. I keep you out of charity—

MARG. May be—

I make small meals out of your *chary tea*;

I'm a poor *orphan*,

GRIDEL. So you've *often* said.

Why don't you copy Rosamond, instead

Of idling? *Follow in her steps*—be good.

MARG. You let her take a walk—I wish I could;

But me you *coop in* here—no ball, no hoop,

And thus, like certain beer, I'm *In'd and Coop*.

GRIDEL. Fair Rosamond's propriety's own model,

*Enter FAIR ROSAMOND, R., unseen by GRIDELINE, laughs at her, and pins a pigtail of paper on to her back.*

More wisdom in her finger than your noddle:

Behind my back (and here I must lay *this stress*)

She never does make fun of her schoolmistress.

FAIR ROS. (*demurely, R.*) Hem! I've returned, ma'am;

GRIDEL. (C.) Dear child, somewhat late.

(FAIR ROSAMOND *embraces her and turns her round*)

(to MARGERY) Compare her *style* with your untidy gait;

She, on my teaching, morally quite fattens;

A pattern! Would you were a *pair of patte'ns*.

Just like what *I* was at her age.

FAIR ROS. Indeed!

Why, what a mem'ry you must have.

GRIDEL. (*annoyed*)

Proceed!

Where have you been?

FAIR ROS.

Amid the humming bees,

Returning all the bows (GRIDELINE *looks annoyed*)  
of all the trees;

~~Bright nature's face shone through her vale, afar~~

~~Sheep, who'll fill wool sacks, practised at the "baa;"~~

~~The breeze bent down the corn fields in the plain,~~

~~The only thing that went against the grain;~~

~~Here many a bird, who'd left his green retreat,~~

~~Perched in the barley, sung his "sweet, wheat, wheat."~~



~~I jumped with joy, tho' keeping still in bounds,  
To see the pretty land-skip from your grounds :  
Here was a shooting box, and there a mill,  
I saw birds pick up seeds and rob the till ;  
(to GRIDELINE) While these your precepts in my  
heart have been,  
I wept that man should spoil this peaceful scene.~~

GRIDEL. My worthy pupil! (*embraces her*)

MARG. (*aside, to FAIR ROSAMOND over GRIDELINE's shoulder*)  
Goodness!—how you can!

GRIDEL. The proper study for us girls is *man*—  
Beware of *men*! for everywhere you'll find  
*Man-cruel*, as a sample of *man-kind*.  
Beware! the marriage state, with sorrow fraught,  
Begins with *courting*, and oft ends *in court* ;  
I've had a sad experience, and repented  
The day when first I met my "late lamented ;"  
I was his better half, and did not doubt him,  
But I have been much *better half* without him :  
Think over what I've said—remember that  
Men are deceivers ever. *Exit GRIDELINE, L.*

FAIR ROS. (*following her to wing*)' Ugh! Old cat!

MARG. (R.) Well—did you see our lovers?

FAIR ROS. (L.) Did I see?

They would have lost their heads, dear, but for me ;  
I saved them from that fate ;

MARG. You couldn't, though.

They lost their *heads* and *hearts* some time ago.

FAIR ROS. They will be here to-night ;

MARG. I rather doubt it ;

FAIR ROS. Listen, and I will tell you all about it.

*Whistle*  
*Song.*—FAIR ROSAMOND. Air, "The Nightingale and  
the Rose."—Music by B. M. de Solla.

There' a time of the night when the birds roost together,  
When the watchman's gruff cry notes the time for repose ;  
When a man who's caught cold from a change in the  
weather,  
Puts his feet in hot water, and tallows his nose.

~~Attercliffe~~

20

FAIR ROSAMOND.

[Sc. 2.]

Yes, in that still minute,  
When the sky, with moon in it,  
Is dotted with stars ever shining and bright;  
Then we will discover  
In waiting, a lover  
Or two, standing out in the moon's gentle light;  
At that time so chilly,  
So silent, so stilly,  
While the voice of the reveller wakens the night.

Hark! he is coming—he is coming to me! *(repeat)*

~~4th Act~~ *(a low whistle heard. Music.)*  
FAIR ROS. But hark! the signal—there again!

MARG.

I hear.

*Secret panel, c., opens.—Enter SIR PIERRE and RALPHO.*

RALPHO. (L. C.) My Margery—

SIR PIER. (R. C.) Rosamond!

MARG. (L.) My Ralpho!

FAIR ROS. (R.) Pierre!  
*(double embrace)*

RALPHO. Our horses knew the road, tho' nought could  
we see,

With *ease* they brought us here;

SIR PIER. Dey bring us *ici*.

Fly wid your Pierre to France, and lean upon

Your *pier* dat will receive you at Boulogne;

~~Or if you do not love dat place de best,~~

~~Den come and I will take you to my Brest.~~

I love you, *chere amie*, as never man did.

FAIR ROS. Oh!

SIR PIER. You *preserved* me and I must be *candid*.

FAIR ROS. How should we go?

RALPHO. Ma'am, there's no need of fuss;  
He'll take the *handsome*, and I'll take the *buss*.

*(kisses MARGERY)*

SIR PIER. Dere's *Perela Chaise*—dat's *chaise and pair*, or four

~~Vaits~~ *Vaits*; in a *chay* ve'll drive dear to *Chez moi*.

MARG. *(hesitating)* Dear Rosa—

FAIR ROS. *(hesitating)* Shall we?

MARG. 'Twould be so audacious.

SIR PIER. *(kneeling to FAIR ROSAMOND)* Be gracious!

RALPHO. (*kneeling to MARGERY*) Show your goodness?

GRIDEL. (*suddenly appearing through c. panel—chord*)  
Goodness gracious!

This, my young turtle doves, is what you do. \

SIR PIER. You've caught de *doves* about to make a *coup*.

GRIDEL. Perhaps your visit here has been a daily 'un.

SIR PIER. (*with exaggerated action*) I love!

GRIDEL. You're tipsy, or you're a mild *aley-'un*.

FAIR ROS. Permit me?

GRIDEL. Silence! So, miss, you would wed,  
And leaye your home.

SIR PIER. But here's her *homme* instead.

RALPHO. Madam——

GRIDEL. No talking is of further use;  
(*to RALPHO*) You are the sort of *beau* for that poor  
*goose*.

SIR PIER. Hear me von vord——

GRIDEL. Depart! I say again  
That you *Mussoo* henceforth *must sue* in vain.  
(*vaguely*) Tear them apart.

SIR PIER. (*aside to FAIR ROSAMOND*) To night, you'll not  
forget.

RALPHO. (*to GRIDELINE*) You *harpy*, ugh!

SIR PIER. (*cantabile*) "Ve may be *harppy* yet!"

*Concerted Piece—Rondo, "Ha! Ha!"—Offenbach.*

FAIR ROS. I am guarded by this creature,  
As a sheep dog guards a lamb.

FAIR ROS. & MARG. (*sadly L.*) Lamb! lamb! lamb!

GRIDEL. (*sarcastically L.*) Lamb! lamb! lamb!

SIR PIER. & RALPHO. (*R. angrily*) Lamb! lamb! lamb!

FAIR ROS. Oh, I hate my odious teacher;  
Won't you hear some reason, ma'am?

FAIR ROS. & MARG. Ma'am! ma'am! ma'am!

SIR PIER. & RALPHO. Ma'am! ma'am! ma'am!

~~FAIR ROS.~~ We are under her dominion,  
~~W. MARG.~~ But we'll fly this very night;

RALPHO. I too, am of that opinion,

~~FAIR ROS.~~ For myself, am ready, quite!

ALL. (*in different styles*) Ha! ha! ha! &c.

*marg*



~~FAIR ROS. (sola) We've a plan, a plan, a plan, plan—  
A rattling plan, a plan, a plan, a plan;  
Oh, we've a—we've a—we've a—we've a—  
Rattling plan.~~

~~ALL.~~

~~Ha! ha! ha! &c.~~

~~We've a plan, &c.~~

~~SIR PIERRE and RALPHO dance off, R., kissing their  
hands; ROSAMOND and MARGERY, L.; DAME  
GRIDELINE covering their retreat.~~

SCENE THIRD.—*Court Yard of Hereford Academy.*

*Door of entrance, R. 1 E.; small door, R. 3 E.; upper  
windows, R. and L., at back, on either side of a large  
niche in C., which stands over door, C.; lower windows,  
R. and L. of C. door; a staircase on stage, on to a  
landing at back, L.; small door on landing near L. upper  
window; Landing approachable also from L. 3 E.;  
recess under staircase, leading off at wing also, L.;  
large door, L. 1 E. (doors and windows practicable) In  
front L. C., a well with a low parapet wall and a windlass,  
with rope and bucket affixed, to work up and down.*

*Time, Night.*

*A great knocking at entrance door, R. 1 E. Music, "Oh,  
stop that Knocking."*

*Enter PORTER, L. 1 E.*

PORTER. That horrid knocking, has brought me my bed  
off!

This porter's up—that blow will take his head off.

*Enter GRIDELINE, L. 1 E., followed by FAIR ROSAMOND.*

GRIDEL. Now then, attend—

PORTER. (sulkily)

I didn't bargain for

This work.

GRIDEL.

Don't answer me, sir, but the door,

With such a noise, who is it?

PORTER. (beginning to undo door) We'll soon that see.

FAIR ROS. Perhaps the Italian minister—*Rat-tat-zi!*

*The door is opened—Enter SIR TRUSTY and KING HENRY,  
disguised, R. 1 E., PORTER goes off, L.*

FAIR ROS. (L., aside, recognising KING) That face!

K. HENRY. (R., to GRIDELINE) Dear madam; we seek a retreat,

“Thrown out” in hunting. (to SIR TRUSTY, *aside*)  
Throw in something neat.

SIR TRUS. (R., crosses to R. C.) Pity the sorrows of two young mortals,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne them to your portals,

We ask you, beauteous creature, for compassion.

GRIDEL. (*aside*) He really does talk in the sweetest fashion.

(*aloud*) Your names, good sirs?

K. HENRY. (*confusedly*) We're cousins—kin and kith.

GRIDEL. (to SIR TRUSTY) Yours is——

SIR TRUS. ~Hem!—Brown.

GRIDEL. (to KING) And yours——

K. HENRY. (*confused*) And mine is——

SIR TRUS. (*struck with a happy idea*) Smith.

GRIDEL. I give you welcome, sirs, sincere and hearty.

(to ROSA) Now don't stay here.

K. HENRY. (to SIR TRUSTY) Do draw off that old party.

GRIDEL. (to ROSA) Go and tell Margery to mind the cooking.

(*observing* SIR TRUSTY ogling her, while ROSAMOND going out is stopped by the KING; they go up;  
GRIDELINE commences flirting with her fan, &c.)

(*aside*) Dear me, how Mr. Robinson is looking.

SIR TRUS. Oh, sweetest creature, won't you spare one look?

GRIDEL. Now, go along; (*aside*) he talks just like a book.

(*aloud*) If thus you glance, my fan I'll raise again.

(*coquettishly*) Why do you stare so?

SIR TRUS. (*with shallow politeness*) Oh, the reason's plain.

GRIDEL. Take care—we shall be seen; now, don't come near me;

(*aside*) I'd scream if nobody was near to hear me.

(*with maiden coyness, aloud*) Stand off! *Exit*

SIR TRUS. (*at a respectful distance*) I will stand here to gaze on you,

For distance lends enchantment to the view.

GRIDEL. (*after glancing severely aside at ROSAMOND, who*

comes down L. of her, then sweetly at SIR  
TRUSTY—KING HENRY comes down R.)

P'raps, Mr. Brown, you'd sup or take tea with  
Me and Miss Rosa.

SIR TRUS. (R. C., to KING) You'd like to eat tea (E. T.)  
Smith?

K. HENRY. I'd rather sup.

GRIDEL. Excuse no preparation. (*they take arms*)  
We'll all to supper without supperation.

First there's white soup—

K. HENRY. One taste of that—not strong,  
Which I will preface with a slight soup song.

Song.—KING HENRY.—“Punch Song.”—“Puritan's  
Daughter.”

Let others sing in praise of wine,  
Fol de rol, &c.

Give me the soup called Palestine.  
With a fol lol lol lol lay.

Oh! give me at my lunch a bowl,  
Fol de rol, &c.

Let that be followed by a sole.  
With a fol lol lol lol lay, &c.

*Music of the chorus glides into the Schottische, to  
which the two couples doing the step, dance off,  
L. 1 E.*

*Music. Enter, R. 1 E., QUEEN ELLINOR. Her dress is  
torn and muddy; riding hat of the period, quite knocked  
out of the time; hair dishevelled; general appearance  
that of one who has lately been thrown off a horse, into  
a muddy ditch.*

Q: ELLIN. Oh, my! Oh, goodness! Where have I been  
taken?

Wherever 'tis, I have been first well shaken.

My horse has p'raps gone home.—(*in pain*) Oh, my  
poor back!

While he is in his stall, (*in pain*) I'm on the rack.

I tried to pull him in, but couldn't. (*in pain*) Oh!

Could not cry “stop.” Unutterable woa!

I hadn't nerve to use him with severity,

And cannot treat a horse with much horse-terity.



We started ; every one was in heroics—  
 I wonder what the huntsman meant by “Yoicks.”  
 For, hearing this, they all seemed bound to follow,  
 So at his *shout*, we rode into the *hollow*.  
 My steed broke loose—I tried my best to sit,  
 I pulled the *curb*—he didn’t *mind a bit*.  
 There was a hedge and ditch filled full of sedge ;  
 My horse stopped at the *ditch*, and on the *edge*.  
 “For’ard,” they cried, the fox was in full view,  
 The hounds *threw off*, and I—was *thrown off*, too ;  
 And, if to quote the poet’s words is fair,  
 I’d say, “Oh, what a falling off was there !”  
 This dress did then my movements slightly hamper,  
 O’er two ploughed fields, three bogs, I had to scamper.  
 Of hunting this makes me speak somewhat harsh—  
 I had to *run* while still upon the *marsh*.  
 The jolting really was enough to shatter me—  
 Where can I rest my suffering anatomy ?

*Enter MARGERY, L. 1 E.*

MARG. What do you want ?

Q. ELLIN. My brevity excuse.

A bed.

MARG. I’ll ask—my mistress won’t refuse.

*Exit MARGERY, L. 1. E.*

Q. ELLIN. I’ve tumbled on my legs, and I may say

’Tis the first time I’ve done that trick to-day.

K. HENRY. (*without, L. 1 E.*) Here’s to Fair Rosamond !

Q. ELLIN. (*starting*) I know that tone—

’Tis Henry’s voice !

*Re-enter MARGERY, L. 1 E., with candle. C*

MARG. Madam, will you be shown

To your apartment ?

Q. ELLIN. (*with intensity to MARGERY*) There is that below  
 This palpitating front, that passeth “show.”

MARG. Will you have some refreshment, ma’am ?

Q. ELLIN. Not I !

I’ll *pick a bone* with some one by and bye.

P’raps *she* is here—“ ’tis like, very like.”

I’ll *set a watch*, and at the hour *strike*.

Give me the candle. (*going up*) Oh, his conduct's sad!  
But I will go to bed—to bed—*too bad!*

*Exit tragically, with candle, l.*

MARG. That's lady's somewhat nettled, and seems poorly,  
She must have come from *Netley Abbey*, surely.  
All's fixed—to-night Sir Pierre will fly with Rosamund,  
And I with Ralpho, who will be my *husabund*.

*Enter SIR TRUSTY, L. 1 E., disguised in liquor, and singing the Punch Chorus.*

SIR TRUS. (*singing*) Tol de rol lol lol lol de lay,  
I feel "*tol lol*"—*d-roll!* Myself *I'll lay*  
On bed to lull—to loll—without *de-lay*.

(*seeing MARGERY*)

A pretty girl! I feel a queer sensation—  
Is it my Margery—or *I-marg-'rynation?*

GRIDELINE *enters, L. 1 E., followed by KING HENRY, FAIR ROSAMOND, PORTER with bed candles, one of which he gives to each person.*

SIR TRUS. (R.) Where's Gridel—

GRIDEL. (L. C., *affectionately to SIR TRUSTY*) Here! you'll  
be all right at last.

SIR TRUS. I'm *coming round* uncomfortably fast.

GRIDEL. Nay, lean on me—you scarce can keep your feet.  
The wine—

SIR TRUS. No, not the *drink*—it was the *heat*.

GRIDEL. Now then to bed, while servants wash each dish up.  
Good night.

SIR TRUS. We'll finish with a taste of "*Bishop*."  
*Glee, "Sleep, fair lady," 2nd part.—Sir Henry Bishop.*

GRIDEL. Please take care how you hold your light.  
Sleep, but don't sing—Good night! good night!

FAIR ROS. (*aside*) Peace! we'll be off before the light!  
(*aloud*) Sleep! we must sing—Good night! good  
night!

MARG. (*aside*) Peace! we'll be off before the light.  
(*aloud*) Sleep! we must sing—Good night! good  
night!

SIR TRUS. Please, me upon my legs upright  
Keep, while I sing—Good night! good night!

(*ensemble*)

*# a l'ec Moras ready for scratching*

K. HENRY. Peace! *(aside)* We'll upon our guard  
to-night  
Keep. *(aloud)* Now we'll sing—Good night!  
good night! (ensemble)  
Q. ELLIN. *(who appears watching)* Easy, upon the  
way, one might  
Peep at the King. Good night! good night!  
ALL. *(but QUEEN ELLINOR)* We, undisturbed by  
late cucumbers,  
Will have the sweetest slumbers. (ensemble)  
Q. ELLIN. He whom conscience much encumbers,  
Can't have the sweetest slumbers.  
ALL. Please, &c.

*(While singing the last "Good nights," they disappear through their separate exits, reappearing at their windows—KING HENRY, window L. of C. door—SIR TRUSTY, window R. of C. door—QUEEN ELLINOR, window above, L. of niche—FAIR ROSAMOND, upper window, R. of niche—GRIDE-LINE exits, L. door—MARGERY, L. under staircase, and with the last note of the symphony of glee, the four blinds are pulled down simultaneously—music, staccato movement pianissimo)*

*Enter SIR PIERRE, R. 2 E., small door, carrying a ladder, two disguise cloaks, un lighted lantern, which he places on edge of the well.*

SIR PIER. She sleeps! So trustful in my love, though she  
Has her blinds down, yet has no jalousie.  
I'll rouse her from her slumbers. Rose, my own!  
Wake at Pierre's song dat's in a piercing tone.  
*(whistles—Rosamond's blind is pulled up—she opens casement and answers)*

FAIR ROS. Don't make a noise or wake the porter.  
SIR PIER. Pooh!  
I'll box him dus. Come on, vous porter, vous!  
(squaring)

*Enter MARGERY, stealthily, L. U. E., with jewel box.*  
FAIR ROS. Hush! I've no money for our flight.



MARG.

I've brought

A box of *diamonds*.*m* SIR PIER. *(at ladder)* Dat's a *brilliant* thought.*(to MARGERY)* Now hold de steps.*(MARGERY puts box on well's edge, and holds ladder)*FAIR ROS. *(fearfully)* 'Tis strong?

SIR PIER. I do not doubt it.

MARG. *(to SIR PIERRE)* A lantern, quick! She can't alight without it.*(SIR PIERRE goes to edge of well, feels for lantern, and knocks jewel box into well)*

SIR PIER. Hélas!

MARG. And *well-a-day*! Dropped like a stone!SIR PIER. I will descend. *(getting into bucket)*FAIR ROS. You'd best leave *well* alone.MARG. *(assisting him)* Be quick! or some one surely will come hither. *(letting him down)*

Down—down, to Well, and say I sent you thither.

*Music.—SIR PIERRE descends.*

MARG. I hear a step.

*(FAIR ROSAMOND shuts window, pulls down blind—exit MARGERY, precipitately, L.)**Enter RALPHO, cautiously, R. 2 E.*

RALPHO. I'll take a look all round.

Each window shut, and all seems safe and *(snore heard)* sound.

Now to elope. Why here's a ladder—that is

The very thing to mount to Margery's lattice.

*(places ladder and ascends to Ellinor's window)*

I'll just scratch at the glass, her ear 'twill catch.

*\*Scratches at window\** *\* (scratches glass)*  
Q. ELLIN. *(within, drowsily, but angrily)* Hullo!

RALPHO. That's some one coming to the scratch.

I'll try again.

Q. ELLIN. *(as before)* Hullo!

RALPHO. Strange tone, at which——

I'll drop the scratch and step into a niche.

*(steps off the ladder into niche, c., as KING HENRY and SIR TRUSTY, the latter with a towel round his head and a lantern in his hand, while the*

*former carries a guitar, get out of their windows,  
R. and L.)*

SIR PIER. *(down well, shaking rope)* Hi!

K. HENRY. *(thinking that SIR TRUSTY speaks)* Hush!  
Take care!

RALPHO. *(aside, above)* Could I but get a peep!  
*(SIR TRUSTY holds up lantern, light falls on KING'S  
face)*

The King! *(draws back into niche)*

K. HENRY. We'll rouse the fair Rosa from her sleep.  
~~With a few notes.~~ *(moves ladder)*

~~SIR TRUS. Like Irishmen we make  
A noise when we're assisting at a wake.~~  
*(symphony of the serenade "Don Giovanni" is played)*

QUEEN ELLINOR *appears on the landing, her hair in curl-  
papers, walking in her sleep, à la Lady Macbeth, candle  
in her hand.*

*Song.—KING HENRY.—"Lubly Rosa."*

K. HENRY. Lovely Rosa, list my song,  
Don't you hear the guitar?

Q. ELLIN. *(in her sleep)* Git a long.

K. HENRY. Rose! Rose! Yes, my Rose,  
I come, a silly knight, for Rose, Rose, Rose.

Q. ELLIN. Rose! Rose! yes, I rose.  
Isn't it a chilly night for toes, toes, toes.

*(she comes down, they start, she doesn't awake)*

SIR TRUS. It is the Queen.

K. HENRY. And fast asleep! Take care!  
She just came down those steps

SIR TRUS. Observe her stare.

Q. ELLIN. Yet here's a spot. Out, out! 'tis mud, I say!  
'Tis the damp spot where I fell in to-day.

Fair Rosamond in chains—I hear them clanking.

No, 'tis the men who are the Thames embanking.

Methinks I hear the distant hammer's thud,

And Mr. Thwaites is eating all the mud.

Impossible! who's that has just now stated,

That our Law Courts, dispersed, ill-ventilated,

And inconvenient, we're about to roll

Into one great consolidated whole?

# A Head to Bell

30

FAIR ROSAMOND.

[Sc. 4.]

It won't be done ; the money can't be got.

K. HENRY. (*to SIR TRUSTY aside*) Alas ! we both have heard what we should not.

Q. ELLIN. A dagger ! and a shriek—unearthly sound !

Yes, 'tis the train that's running underground.

I'm all at sea. Clear off that rolling smoke ;

See, iron plates have conquered walls of oak.

Henceforth, our ships that sail in foreign watars,

Tho' full of sailors, must be armed with mor-tars.

SIR. PIER. (*in well*) Rosa.

Q. ELLIN. (*approaching well*) Fair Rosamond is mine, I'll strangle her,

I'll do her a good turn for once, and mangle her.

(*Music.—turns the handle of windlass, which winds up the rope of well*)

As boa constrictors crush a tiger's whelp,

Thus—thus I crunch her !

(*as SIR PIERRE appears QUEEN ELLINOR jumps at him savagely, the rope unwinds and both disappear—scream*)

SIR PIER. Oh, diable ! Help !

(*ROSAMOND who has opened her window during the above, quickly descends ladder placed there by KING, and by him, who has assumed the disguise cloak dropped by SIR PIERRE, she is carried off at the same time that MARGERY enters, L. 2 E. and is carried off by SIR TRUSTY disguised in the other cloak, R. RALPHO in the niche, C. rings the alarm bell*)  
SERVANTS enter L. and extricate SIR PIERRE and QUEEN ELLINOR in a fainting state ; MISTRESS GRIDELINE appears horrified on the staircase, L. in her dressing gown. Grand crash of music. Tableau as scene closes)

SCENE IV.—*The Entrance to Woodstock Bower ; Entrance to Bower, R. ; tree, L.*

*Enter WYNKYN, L. with a letter:*

WYNK. (*reading address*) "Fool." That's a nice address, some say I'm made for it,

How many make themselves fools when they're paid for it.

Gong  
&  
alarm  
Bell



(reads) "The king repairs to Woodstock with a friend."

He may *repair*, I fear he'll never *mend*.

(reads) "Prepare the bower; guard Miss Margery."

Must I

Be fool and keeper? Yes, 'tis signed "Sir Trusty."

Well, as none here can thread the maze without

My aid, the girl this season can't 'come out.'

MARG. (*without, R.*) Which way?

WYNK. (*directing her*) The left, that's right as clear as day,  
Now on the left you'll find a *right* of way.

Back, forward, round; the road out you'll discern.

*Enter MARGERY, tired, R. 1 E.*

You are fatigued.

MARG. I am—done *to a turn*.

WYNK. The soldiers guard the outlets—don't look vexed.

You can't proceed; you're under ward.

MARG. *Ward* next?

WYNK. You'll soon be free.

MARG. Spite of that old assurance  
I've passed four days in *durance*—past *enduranée*!

WYNK. (*aside*) Poor girl! (*aloud*) Within a heart some  
pity dwells,

A humble one, whose cap is set at *belles*,

Who simply asks to live and to adore you;

Who is in fact, the party now before you.

MARG. You say you love me? then I'll prove you, come,  
Tell me the secret of the lab'rinth.

WYNK. Hum!

MARG. (*coaxing*) Don't trifle with me; you've a kind  
expression.

WYNK. (*aside*) I think that I've created an impression.  
(*aloud*) Well but——

MARG. (*pouting*) I see you're going to refuse me.

(*crying*) I did not think that you'd so badly use me.

WYNK. I can't stand this; there, dry your tears and look,

Here is a plan, it is Sir Trusty's book; (*she takes it*)

A simple guide, the sole one to be had.

MARG. (*examining it*) Pshaw!

Simple! it looks as puzzling as a Bradshaw!

Where trains arrive that never have departed,  
And reach their terminus before they've started.

WYNK. (*trying to get book*) Should the King know of this  
I'll get no pardon.

K. HENRY. (*without L.*) What ho!

MARG. Who's that *what hoe-ing* in the garden?

WYNK. The King!

MARG. I'll go; you've been on this occasion

So kind. (*curtseys to him*) Adieu!

WYNK. Deceitful *adu-lation*!

Here! stop! (*she runs off R. 1 E.*) She's vanished!  
love has conquered duty;

The girl's *gone off* and I have *lost my beauty*.

I'd rather not my royal master meet.

He comes——

*Enter KING HENRY, supporting FAIR ROSAMOND, who has  
fainted, L. 1 E.*

(*aside*) the King attended by his *sweet*.

K. HENRY. (C.) Methinks this time we've been successful  
netters.

Hast posted all the Guards?

WYNK. (R.) And all the letters.

K. HENRY. Now for my bower, she'll revive there soon;  
*Say, lout*, have you made ready the *sa-loon*?

WYNK. The bower saloon? I've left it but this minute;  
I've swept and dusted everything within it.

K. HENRY. Good. She awakes!

WYNK. I'll just ask—*àpropos*—  
When's a door not a door? I'll tell you——

K. HENRY. Go!

*Exit WYNKYN, R. 1 E.*

She's better now, though still as white as tall-er,  
What lodging keepers call a "sweet front *pallor*."

FAIR ROS. (L.) ~~"Where am I?" that remark of course I make,~~

~~"Is it a dream?" and "Or, am I awake?"~~

~~First to look round, then, seeing him before me,~~

~~Relapse and cry—"the hideous truth comes o'er me."~~

(*crossing to R.*) Where have you brought me?

K. HENRY. (L.) This is Woodstock Maze,  
Where you will spend a few retired days;

Fruit trees surround you, sweet as sugar candy,  
 The Woodstock glove shops you will find quite handy;  
 I've ordered dozens of all sorts, my dear,  
 As many as *would stock* you for a year;  
 This will be nice.

FAIR ROS. Nice! With these gloves! Oh Heavens!  
 We shall be all at "sixes" and sevens."

K. HENRY. *Meandering* paths, sweet places for philandering,  
 Lead to a bow'r where none will see *me-and-her-in*;  
 The entrance is unknown to any one,  
 The 'revocare gradus' can't be done:  
 After a walk through ways by bushes lined in,  
 You'll feel exhausted, for the road is *winding*;  
 All things to please the senses shall be put in it,  
 So do step in——

FAIR ROS. No! (*aside, crossing to L.*) Or I'll put  
 my foot in it.

K. HENRY. (R.) Then thus—— (*seizing her*)

FAIR ROS. (R. Ah! Help!

K. HENRY. You will but rouse my minions,  
 Who'd stop your *flight* by putting you in *pinions*.

FAIR ROS. Use force? Oh, coward! fear me not, I'll wait;  
 Now for you, *King*, I have a *potent hate*;  
 And as the Indian slave girl doom'd to die  
 Smiles on her captor with disdainful eye,  
 So I, your pris'ner, from my lover torn,  
 You and your *maize* do treat with *Indian scorn*!  
 (*crosses to R.*)

K. HENRY. Come to my bow'r—there'll be a great sensation,  
 A *heroine* in a *harrowin'* situation.

*Duett, "Lucia di Lammermoor."*

FAIR ROS. Pray have done! I  
 Can't adore you!  
 There is one I  
 Loved before you;  
 To oblige me do not bother,  
 My heart for *you* has now no room;  
 Do not further tease me, lest you  
 Make me fearfully detest you;



Than be taken to your bower,  
 Better had I wed the tomb!  
 K. HENRY. Fear the maze so!  
 You don't say so!  
 Nought will harm thee,  
 Or alarm thee;  
 You will find within the bower  
 A most charming pleasant room.

*Duo.*

FAIR ROS. Do not further teaze me, lest you  
 FAIR ROS. { Make me fearfully detest you;  
 K. HENRY. { Now I hope I have impressed you;  
 FAIR ROS. { Than be taken, &c.,  
 K. HENRY. { You will find, &c.,  
 FAIR ROS. { Better had I, &c.,  
 K. HENRY. { A most charming, pleasant room.  
 (KING HENRY takes her off, R. 1. E.)

*Music, "The Gipsy's Tent." — Enter QUEEN ELLINOR,  
 disguised as a gipsy, L. 1 E.*

Q. ELLIN. ~~So, here at last! I think, from information~~  
 Which I've received, this is the situation;  
 Disguised, I've passed the guard, and had no fears  
 Of fifty sentries with a hundred ears:  
 I'm told she's here; and he, within the maze,  
 Intends to hide her from the public gaze;  
 That's something like what I should like to do,  
 For if I had her I would *hide* her too.  
 Gain access to her. How? that my brain taxes;  
 I'll mentally *revolve upon my access*.  
~~Then it remains my presence to announce,~~  
~~First, make an entry, and then square accounts.~~  
 Who's here?

*Enter MARGERY with guide book. On her arm she carries  
 a basket full of wool work and knitting needles, R. 1 E.*

MARG. (R.) At last, this book I understand;  
 Q. ELLIN. Do, pretty lady, cross your gipsy's hand  
 With silver, and I'll tell your fortune.

MARG.

Mine's

A sad unhappy one.

Q. ELLIN. (*examining her hand*) I see, *hard lines*.

There's a dark man, for whom you do not care,  
 And there's a fair one ;—but that's your affair ;  
 That's all for sixpence.

MARG.

I'd know more.

Q. ELLIN.

Oh, well, you

Take me within the bow'r and I'll tell you  
 How *Mars* to *mothers* is a glorious pattern,  
 How *Venus* goes out dressed in silks and *saturn*.  
 The lucky days for speculating ventures,  
 When you should purchase Indian debentures ;  
 And since from right of course, I ne'er can far be,  
 I'll name the winner of the coming Derby.  
 Tell you "who shot the dog"—who "bruises oats,"  
 And how to purchase independent votes.  
 Perdict the future, of our island home ;  
 Say when the French will certainly leave Rome.  
 Tell you the number, with exact precision,  
 Of Bath buns eaten in the Exhibition.  
 In short——

SIR TRUS. (*without R.*) Hi ! some one !

Q. ELLIN.

Bother the intrusion !

MARG. Leave me !

QUEEN ELLINOR *retires behind tree, L.*—*Enter SIR TRUSTY,*  
*R. 1 E. ; MARGERY hides her book, and pretends to be*  
*busily working.*

Sir Trusty !

SIR TRUS. (*not seeing MARGERY*) Here's a sweet confusion !

I've lost my maze book, and though I have tried,  
 I can't get in at all, without my guide.

(*sees MARGERY*) How came you here ? You know  
 this will not do.

MARG. (*aside*) This is the dark man ! What she said is true.  
 (*aloud—knitting*) Don't interrupt me.

SIR TRUS.

Captivating hussey !

Like Dr. Watts's little bee you're *buzzy*.

It's wool work fair one that you now are doing.

MARG. Yes, as the French say, don't come *woolly wooing*.

SIR TRUS. Sweet, as *you knit* receive the adoration  
Of one who, though a *u-nit* in creation,  
Will give you rank and wealth. Oh! hear my vows,  
Don't cease your *knitting*, dear, to *knit* your brows.  
Come, let me press those lips.

MARG. You horrid man!

SIR TRUS. (*seeing book in basket, attempts to seize it*) My book!

MARG. Take that! (*she throws a ball of worsted in his face—the end of the ball is fixed in the basket*) Now catch me if you can!

*She runs off, dragging the wool after her, R.*

SIR TRUS. Hi! stop, young woman! Calling won't avail,  
She's *booked her passage* and *gone by this male*.  
What's this? A worsted ball itself unravelling—  
Ah! while its owner through the maze is travelling.  
She drags it on. Of this I see the pull,  
Now, what'll stop me with this wool.

(QUEEN ELLINOR, who has been listening, L., comes forward and touches him)

Q. ELLIN. (L.) I wool!

SIR TRUS. (R.) The Queen! I—ah—um—oh!

Q. ELLIN. You can't deceive me  
By such excuses.

(SIR TRUSTY attempts to take worsted ball)

No, you don't! (*throws it over to L.*) Now, leave me!

SIR TRUS. (L.) I go, mild Queen.

Q. ELLIN. (R. C.) Oh! stop this servile fawning.

SIR TRUS. I leave the place, (*aside*) but can't give  
master warning. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

Q. ELLIN. The time has come for which so long I've thirsted.  
And now, unlike this ball, I'll not be *worsted*.

(*watches the ball unwinding*)

See how it creeps, while inch by inch I tell.

And every *inch* for Rosamond's *a knell*.

Shall it be poison, 'tis a deal of worry,

~~I don't remember an apothecary~~

Stay, if I lisped I'd ask, would it be *withe* on  
The Zoological to lend their *python*?



But should I fail! Strange thoughts crowd on me  
 thickly,  
 If it were done 'twere well it were done quickly;  
 For future days will come, I dread to say more,  
 With ghosts like Highlandmen, all "*kilt and cla-mour*."  
 There's "evenhanded justice" for blood spilt.  
 Picture a frame of mind, that *frame all guilt*!  
 I'll stifle conscience, from these fears I'll free be,  
 "Now am I settled!" Aye, and soon shall *she* be!

Song—QUEEN. Air, "*Hamlet*."

After which exit QUEEN ELLINOR, tragically, R.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Interior of the Bower in the centre of Woodstock Maze—the c. arch at back is obstructed by branches of trees, creepers and foliage. Music—birds whistling.*

FAIR ROSAMOND discovered pensively looking out of one of the arches.

FAIR Ros. Birds in their nests agree—their life's a sunny one,

Living in harmony they can't harm any-one.  
 Sing, warblers, with your glossy feathered throats.  
 The while I make my gloss upon your notes;  
 You have no sorrow your short lives to chequer,  
 Each forest bird can keep up his woodpecker.  
 Yet he alone not visiting at each tree,  
 Sticks to his tap upon the hollow beech tree—  
 I envy all of you. Alas! each flower  
 Reminds me that I'm still in Henry's bower.

Enter MARGERY through an arch.

MARG. (R.) I've found the way—how to escape I know too.

FAIR Ros. (L.) Escape! But where do we expect to go to?

MARG. At midnight through the walks 'twill not be hard,  
 Wynkyn will help us both to pass the guard.

FAIR Ros. We've got no money, and I've nought to sell,  
 You've shown the "ways"—find out the "means"  
 as well.

MARG. Alas! (*rustling of leaves at back*) What's that  
here trying in to fly?

Is it a pigeon? (*carrier PIGEON alights on a branch*)

FAIR ROS. Or perhaps a pie?

See how the bird descends—well, this is droll;  
He *perches*.

MARG. Ah! I'll go and scratch a poll.

Why, in his *bill* he bears a *billet-doux*;

And, goodness me! it is addressed to you.

Take it! (*takes letter*) ~~bird flies away~~ *Letter*

FAIR ROS. From Pierre, 'tis dated four days old;

He has been laid up with a shocking cold—

A hacking cough—would I'd been there to "nuss"

~~Spite of his cough—he'll back a way to us.~~

We'd best prepare.

MARG.

Ne'er say that Marg'ry dallies,

To fly from ills, I'll go and pack the valise.

*Exit through arch.*

FAIR ROS. When will he come. The lights grow dull  
and dim;

Come night—come Pierre! who can *com-pierre* with  
him?

(*music*) What's that? his footsteps falls upon my ear,

'Tis *music* in the distance, *drawing* near.

Down! down! my heart! I feel he's very nigh,

I'll rush into his arms! 'Tis Pierre——

(*rushes towards c., the leaves and branches are  
pushed aside, and QUEEN ELLINOR stands before  
her, pale and haggard, with dagger in one hand,  
and a bowl in the other*)

Q. ELLIN. (L. C.)

'Tis I!

FAIR ROS. (R. C.) The queen! this is—a—great surprise.

Q. ELLIN.

Oh! is it?

You didn't quite expect this card to *visit*,

Orelse, of course, you would not have stopped in for it.

I've just *dropped in* and you, ma'am, have *dropped  
in for it*.

You've led me a nice dance.

FAIR ROS. (*aside*)

A female Nero

She looks.

Q. ELLIN.

This dance will end in a bowl here—oh!

(*places bowl on table, L.*)



Or if this game of bowl you choose to shirk,  
I shall employ you in some *dirky* work.

FAIR ROS. (*shuddering*) A dagger!

Q. ELLIN. Aye! bought of a travelling cutler.  
(*pointing to bowl*) Here, subtle poison from a gipsy sutler,  
Who said, in giving me her story's pith,  
The liquid's *brown*, and I'm Selina Smith.  
The draught does all analysis defy.  
*Drei* is its name—now take and drain it *dry*.

FAIR ROS. What wrongs have I inflicted?

Q. ELLIN. (*setting down cup and dagger*) You—on me?  
What wrongs? She dares to ask it. She—he! he!  
Oh, sun, moon, stars, each planetary body,  
Without a head—the converse of Tom Noddy—  
Look down and tell me if your twinkling eye  
Sees upon earth, one more ill-used than I?  
What wrongs! I could unfold a tale before ye  
Would quite eclipse the horrible "Strange Story."  
What wrongs! all wrong, from childhood's earliest day,  
The pap I swallowed first went the wrong way.  
Then if I tried to sing some pleasant songs,  
A glee with me became a *round* of wrongs.  
If e'er I sought the play to banish care,  
I always got into the wrong box there.  
And when I went to see a friend or two,  
The place of meeting was a *ren-dezvous*.  
P'raps I'm a changeling! Sometimes I doubt whether  
I am not the wrong person altogether. (*crosses to R.*)

FAIR ROS. (*L., deprecatingly*) Why this to me?

Q. ELLIN. Oh, innocent, no doubt! (*walking her to L.*)  
I've found you in, ma'am, and I've found you out.  
You love the king!

FAIR ROS. What can I say?

Q. ELLIN. Why naught. (*ROSAMOND sighs*)  
*Heaving a sigh! 'tis heaving as I thought.*

FAIR ROS. Madam, I—I—

Q. ELLIN. Aye—aye—with guilt you stammer.  
Drink up the *dram*, and end this fearful *drama*.  
'Tis useless talking.

FAIR ROS. But my tears I know  
Will touch you to the *core*.

Q. ELLIN. (*walking her round to R.*) Caw! I'm no crow!



Haven't I seen you talk to Henry chatingly?  
 There's innocence in silks and satins—*satinly*;  
 I would do well if from your back I tore  
 Those *peacock's* feathers, and *show'd you the daw!*

FAIR R. (R.) Oh! hapless Rosamond! unhappy Pierre!

Q. ELLIN. (L., *sharpening dagger*) Look sharp! You'd  
 better *brood* upon your *bier*.

FAIR R. Brood on my wrongs? I can't if you intrude;  
 Your conduct's not polite;

Q. ELLIN. Then do't *b-rood*.

(*begins stirring poison with spoon or dagger*)

FAIR R. Madam, I'm innocent of all these crimes;  
 Leave me in peace.

Q. ELLIN. (*stirring bowl*) We live in stirring times,  
 And so be quick.

FAIR R. Oh, spare! don't kill me quite!

Q. ELLIN. (*tasting*) A drop more laudanum would make  
 it right;

FAIR R. Pity——

Q. ELLIN. I've none. If grief affects your soul,  
 Come here, and we will "drown it in the bowl."

(*sings*) "*We'll drown it in the bow-ow-ol,*" &c.

As, with impatience, I am getting cross,  
 Decide at once; or, if you like to toss  
 For choice, you may;

FAIR R. I'm either loth to try,  
 Which shall I take?

Q. ELLIN. To that, miss, I reply  
 In words that, at a fair, you oft may hear,  
 "Whiche'er you like, my pretty little dear."

FAIR R. Is woman, then, ~~more~~ pitiless than man?  
 I cannot spare my life, but still you can;  
 (*seizes chair*) Dearly I'll sell myself, or not at all,  
 I'm a *chair-holder*, and now comes *the call*—  
 Help! help!

Q. ELLIN. That style's not for this place, my dear,  
 We have'nt got *sensation dramas* here;  
 Don't rush about and needlessly exert yourself,  
 There's no high rock to tumble from and hurt yourself.  
 We've got no bridge to break; no one supposes  
 We're going to break the bridges—of our noses

FAIR R. If you'd a pick-axe——

Q. ELLIN. Yes, that's very taking.

FAIR R. Or water scene——

Q. ELLIN. Oh! *what-a-scene* you're making.

Come!

FAIR R. Well, then—to—the bowl I give my voice.

Q. ELLIN. You've chosen well. So, Ros'mund, *take your choice.*

FAIR R. There is no further 'ope.

Q. ELLIN. Don't make a coil.

FAIR ROS. (*about to drink*) Ah!

Oh, cruel Queen! Where are you, Pierre?

(SIR PIERRE jumps in, cutting down the branches that oppose his entrance)

SIR PIER. Me voila! (FAIR ROSAMOND faints in his arms)

Q. ELLIN. What brings you here?

SIR P. I come through briars thick,  
But wid my sword through trees I cut my stick.  
Look up, ma vie.

*Enter KING HENRY, down R.*

K. HENRY. What is all this about?

My wife and Rosamond! The murder's out.

Q. ELLIN. (L.) You're right, it is. Oh, Henry!  
(*reproachfully*)

K. HENRY. (R. crosses to QUEEN) Say no more,  
I'll be much better than I was before,  
To you be true, and give up roving ways.

Q. ELLIN. Then we too, Hal, may yet know *Halcyon* days.

K. HENRY. (*after embracing ELLINOR gives ROSAMOND to SIR PIERRE*) Take her, be happy.

*Enter RALPHO and MARGERY, and down, L.*

RALPHO. Mid these pleasant signs  
We'll join our couplet to your marriage lines.

*Enter SIR TRUSTY and MISTRESS GRIDELINE, and down R.*

SIR TRUS. (R.) We found our way here with a deal of bother.  
(*pointing to SIR PIERRE*) He let us in; now we've  
*let in each other.*

K. HENRY. You two united?

SIR TRUS.

So we have agreed.

GRIDEL. Duckey!

SIR TRUS.

My duck!

K. HENRY.

A pair o' ducks indeed!

Q. ELLIN. (to them) Bless you, my children!

*Enter WYNKIN, down L.*

WYNK.

I'd make a suggestion

That you have overlooked a serious question—

When's a door not a door?

Q. ELLIN.

I've got to ask

Another question—a more serious task.

Why's Rosamond not killed at all? You see

She isn't poisoned as she ought to be!

Because in deference to modern ways,

No poisoned heroine can end our plays;

Besides, the brimming cup she held this minute,

Like the objection, friends, has nothing in it.

You'll say with history we freedom use;

Well! don't historians write to suit their views?

We answer to our critical consistory

That *we* have made *our* views to suit our history,

And for our "freedom," it was used before

By Addison and p'raps a dozen more.

So in this year, when every one will do

Their very best to find out something new,

The Olympic sample to the Exhibition.

Is an old English story—new edition—

Of which, if *you* approve, we may add rightly,

Published in parts and pleasing numbers nightly.

*Finale. Air, "Village Bells Polka."*

K. HENRY. Strife is over—Queen and King

Live on clover, dance and sing.

Quarrels, and that sort of thing

She'll no more with *him* pick.

Tell all who'd the story know,

Of the fair one and her beau.

That to learn it they must go

To see the Olympic.



FAIR ROS. Hist'ry says that Rosamond  
Of King Hen-e-ry was fond,  
Thus my character was wronged,  
By a base aspersion;  
To old stories don't *you* trust,  
Covered up with ages' dust.  
For the truth henceforth you must  
Take our Wych Street version.

*Air, "So Early in the Morning."*

ELLINOR. Stop a minute kindly for,  
Just one word from Ellinor;  
If you're pleased, then you'd do right,  
To bring your friends another night.  
So early in the—evening,  
So early in the—evening,  
So early in the—evening,  
You'll come and see our play.

Q. ELLINOR.

SIR PIER.

K. HENRY.

FAIR ROS.

RALPHO.

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